

BEAUTIFUL MEMPHREMAGOG.



THE BOUNDARY LINE. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

INCLUDING SCENES AROUND

Newport, Vt., Georgeville, Fitch Bay and Magog, Que.

The EXPRESS & STANDARD. Newport, Vermont, 1905.



Shore Road, Lake Memphremagog.

No lake in Northern Vermont, or along the Canadian Frontier, is more beautiful in appearance, attractive in scenic effects, better suited to the wants of the tourist, or is more accessible by highway or rail than is Lake Memphremagog, or the "Geneva of Canada," as it is frequently and appropriately called. And strange as it may seem, no lake has been more sadly neglected, or contains more old-time ruins of summer hotels, cottages, and decaying wharves, than this same beautiful and picturesque sheet of water ensconced among the hills. And all this with the Canadian Pacific Railrond encompassing the one side, the Boston & Maine Railway the other, steamers and small boats equipped and ready for use, the prosperous town of Newport and West Derby at the head, thriving Magog at the outlet, and innumerable small villages and hamlets scattered along its shores.

This work is intended to revive an interest in the lake—this incomparable region that graces the borders of two countries, and no stint of labor or money has been spared to render it perfect in every respect. Over 200 views have been taken to say nothing of those that have been loaned us for inspection. From these we have only used the best. Miles have been traveled to retake a single picture in order to eliminate some little fault. Every bay, point, shore, hill and mountain have been visited. In order to make the descriptive matter and views plain and interesting as possible, we have adopted the plan of taking the tourist around with us, depicting the scenes, and describing the points of interest as we passiong. By doing this plainly, correctly and concisely as possible, we trust that "Beautiful Memphremagogy" will be in demand by everyone who visits this locality.

The principal views in the work were taken by E. A. Walcott, of Barton, whom we hired for the purpose; but other views have been furnished us, for which we have to thank Mrs. Frank Biddell, of Newport, J. F. Tuck of Knowlton Landing, Capt. W. B. Holbrook, Capt. C. C. Bullock and engineer Chas. Shepard of the "Lady of the Lake" and others. As much pains has been taken with one end of the lake as the other, and with every place around the lake; therefore, the work is adapted to all places alike. Criticism is asked for, so that, if a second edition is ever needed, corrections can be made.

With these remarks we ask the tourist to accompany us on our little tour and we will endeavor to interest him as we glide along.



Walcott Boston & Maine and Canadian Pacific Railroad Station, including Memphremagog Boat Landing.

Beautiful Memphremagog.



Friends and Tourists:-

STARTING from the Boston & Maine station, which is also the junction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Memphremagog Lake boat landing, with the pretty steamer "Lady of the Lake" moored to the wharf, we will glide over Newport, the chief metropolis of the county, and from thence to the top of Prospect Hill, from which point the picturesqueness of the surrounding country is seldom if ever equalled. Hacks, coaches and automobiles for those who wish to tide and good sidewalks for those who desire to walk.

Names of Town.—"Duncansboro" and later, "Lake Bridge" were the early names of the town, which is situated on a peninsula, as will be seen from the hill, and where the railroad tracks now join, the water frogs used to croak in the dim twilight, and will ducks hide in the tall rank grass. A ferry crossed the bay in those by-gone days, while Newport-by-thelake was but the segments of a fragmentary dream. But all this is ancient history with which we have little to do.

The Main Thoroughfare.—Main street is the principal thoroughfare of the town. Memphremagog Hotel is situated on our right, the Newport House on our left, and the Raymond just back of us across the track. Rates reasonable, board and rooms exceptionally good. The stores, as will be noticed, are up-to-date, examples of order and neatness, and indicative of the business within. Nearly every branch of mercantile business represented. Souvenirs of beautiful Memphremagog in books, postals, water colors, china, silver and natural woods on nearly every counter.



Walcott

Main Street, Newport, Vt.



Walcott

Second Street, Newport, Vt., Looking North.



Streets Maple Bordered.—Second street, as you will observe, is maple bordered, scrupulously neat, and is characteristic of the principal streets in town. Maple avenues and walks, pretty residences, green and flower bedecked front lawns. On our right is the Goodrich Library with its 7000 or more volumes of books, museum of birds and animals, pictures, reading and conversation rooms, all of which are open for inspection. On the corner of Main and Second streets will be noticed the Customs or Federal building representing a customs business of over \$14,000,000 a year. It is built of fine marble and brick at a cost of over \$125,000. The Hott.

Z. M. Mansur is now at the head of the department.





Hon. Z. M. Mansur.





Orleans County Court House.

First Congregational Church,

Just west of this fine building stands the County Court House with its broad lawn and new jail in the background. Another fine edifice on Main street is the Congregational church. Just North of it stands the Newport Academy and Graded School Building, a little out of sight, but a fine structure as can be observed from the front.

Interstate Commerce Commissioner.—Passing up Third street, also maple bordered, with the Methodist church on our left, we come to Pleasant street. Here resides the Hon. Charles A. Prouty, Interstate Commerce Comissioner, whose ornamental lawn and tasty



Newport Academy and Graded School.

residence is on our right. A magnificent view of the lake and surrounding country is afforded from this site, and is intensified as we continue to climb the hill.

The Catholic Church.—The new Catholic church now confronts us. It is one of the largest if not the handsomest places of worship in this part of the state. It has been dedicated as the "Star of the East," from its close proximity of beautiful Memphremagog at our feet. The structure is entirely of home granite, and has been erected through the indefatigable efforts of Rev. Pr. Clermont who is to preside over it.

Note-The Catholic Church not being completed is omitted from this work,



Hon, C. A. Prouty.



Residence of Hop. C. A. Prouty.



Newport, Vt., Looking South, Showing Prospect Hill.



Walcott

Village of Newport, Vt., Looking West.

From Prospect Hill .- Above the church, on the apex of Prospect Hill, is where the eve is charmed and the senses thrilled. We stand, as it were, in the center of a cycloramic dream; and yet, not a dream, for the panoramic picture spread out before us is too complete and harmonious for sodorific sleep. Turn on the apex of the hill and drink in the scenic beauty depicted from its four sides. The long winding bay and undulating hills toward the South, the main lake, sprinkled with island-like-pearls, rivers-like-silver-threads and lowtopped hills toward the North, uprising hills and mountains interspersed with forests, green fields and hamlets West and East, and the busy village at our feet. Where is there a painting with every detail more complete! It is not the immensity of the picture that charms, the stupendous grandeur that awes, or the unexpected wild and weirdness that facinates and thrills. It is the blending together of all that goes to make earth beautiful-mountain, hill, valley, lake, shore, island, river, forest, field, hamlet, village, sky, cloud, color, sunshine and shadow-all these-into one perfect and harmonious whole

The Industries.—But time is passing. One glance at the busy industries in town, the Prouty & Miller mill, Frost Veneer Seating Co., Overall Factory, big machine shops, etc., and we find ourselves at the Memphremagog boat landing, where the genial Captain Bullock shous: "All abaard."

The Fisherwoman.—Before the gangplank is raised, however, Maggie Little, our local fisherwoman,



Newport Fisherwoman.

must be introduced. Maggie is known the world over for her pleasant smile, wielding of the axe, sawing of wood, and that greatest of accomplishments in her line —catching of the wily perch. We see her as usual, equipped for her favorite sport.

Lady of the Lake.—As the "Lady of the Lake" with a portion of our party pursues its regular course, the rest of us will board the "Yioco," owned and equipped by Captain Holbrook for the comfort of all tourists, and pass along the west shore. Take out your note books and jot down the many points of interest as we glide along.





Cantain C. C. Bullock

Steamer at base of Owl's Head

Along the West Shore .- From Farrant's Point, keeping close to the Canadian Pacific Railroad track, and from thence past Stake Lighthouse opposite Whipple's Point, we look off over diversified landscape, with Bear Mountain and Owl's Head in the near foreground, and the crest of Jay Peak peeping over the ridge in the distance. From this shore, not far from Whipple's Point, is where the ferry once crossed to Indian Point, just opposite. That shore, known as "Richardson's Landing" at the time, is now called "The Bluffs." The wide circle jutting into the land ahead of us, is called Adam's Bay. Notice the well laid out farms and tasty dwellings that line the front? At many of these places summer boarders are taken, and served with all the luxuries the farm can produce. Associated with this shore is much of the early history that goes to make Lake Memphremagog famous. Here, in 1755, or thereabouts, crossed Major Robert Rogers and his men on his return from their expedition against St. Francis. See that little cemetery of still white tombstones up there near the run? Near it was buried the silver image and golden candlesticks taken from the St. Francis church on that memorable fight. Wierd tales are told by those who have dug for the treasure on the dark of the moon, the last attempt being made about 30 years ago.

Silver and Copper Mines-Our first cluster of cottages, tucked in among white birches, is at Holbrook's Landing. Back over the hills slumber the old



View from Farrant's Point, looking North.

Walcott



Stake Lighthouse,

silver and copper mines, waiting for modern capital to resurrect them. Samples of these ores can still be had for the asking. A short cut to the mines is from the Maxfield Lighthouse, which we have now reached. Here, picknickers frequently land to lunch, bask in the sunshine, or stroll among the cool white birch and maplewood groves. From this point we bid farewell to green fields of grass and waving grain, at least for a short period, and follow scalloped shores lined with boulders, jutting ledges and rising wooded hills. Province Island, some distance out, is seen on our right. At intervals, in little recesses where the hills divide and slope gracefully down to the hore, cosy cottages are seen, so refreshing and cool as to almost tempt us to land.

Crossing the Line.—See that big black boulder with the broad white line extending down through it? Look out! we are now "crossing the line". What! did you not sense a thrill—a change in the atmosphere, or something you never before experienced? No? That is strange, for we are now in Canada. That white-lined rock designated the boundary. Strange, isn't it, how things appear exactly the same; or, if anything, more romantic and beautiful, for the shores improve as we advance. Never mind. Visitors from the States will find themselves as much at home here as in their own country.



Waleott

Maxfield Lighthouse.



Province Island

Leadmine Lighthouse.—Leadmine Lighthouse, situated it, is so called on account of a leadmine located in the bank. A shaft runs back into the rock some 30 feet. Lack of capital closed it, as did a slide in the hill which buried the opening out of sight. Nearly opposite it is Round Island, with Skinner's Island and its historical smuggler's cave just north of it, and Long Island a little north of that. The waters in this vicinity, even to Owl's Head and beyond, are deep, dark and cool, and filled with many varieties of fish. Shady nooks and coves reaching back into picturesque ledges of wonderful forms, with broad-limbed leafy trees extending down gracefully over them, now confront us. Winding in and out among them are mysterious paths leading to shady nooks and crystals springs, the transparent waters of which tumble

down over boulders and rocks in shimmering cascades. Here, like eagles, "with arise built on high"

the Wards have built their summer homes and enjoy the many pleasures of this rock bound shore.

The Boat Landing.—Owl's Head boatlanding is reached. The "Mountain House" was destroyed by fire and has never been rebuilt. This is one of the grandest opportunities in the world for a summer hotel. Owl's Head towering far above on the one side, wooded hills with picturesque ledges on the other, an intervale in between with rising crest for the building itself, innumerable springs of clear cool water, lovely sequestered bays and



Boundary Line Rock.



Walcott

Leadmine Lighthouse.

marvelously interesting shores, islets and islands close at hand, deep water and good fishing, roads and paths already laid out to each and every interesting spot, a fine boat landing.—What place is better adapted for a prosperous hotel than this at the foot of Owl s Head.

Owl's Head.—We will take the winding serpentine path up the mountain side. It is a precipitous one, but has been traveled by thousands before. Notice how you can look down into the cool of the woods, and around each turn of the eliffs, can gaze far away over landscapes unrivaled for beauty and artistic lines. How these bubbling springs of pure crystal water cheer and comfort us in our climb! Up this one more steep pitch, and—here is the top. Now look around you. Wonder-

ful? Nothing to rival the scene on this continent, or in Italy, you say? Well! others have so remarked before, and will in days to come. This glorious and inspiring panorama speaks for itself. It charms, if it does not thrill; sooths, if it does not overpower; and it leads us to exclaim, "How beautiful," instead of "How stupendous and wild!" Nature has done her part, and to make the place noted, man must do the rest. Owl's Head is not one peak of a mammoth range, but a lone round mountain 2500 feet in hight, standing by itself. A solitaire set in a cluster of lowtopped hills. Down in the valley on its three sides, with the exception of a little to the south, are fields, groves, highways, rivers and ponds. In the midst of these is Newport Center, North Troy, and the Canadian Pa-



In the Steamer's Wake.



Round Cove near Owl's Head.



Walcott

"Owl's Head" by Moonlight.



Up the "Mountain Road."

cific railroad track; and back of these, as a final setting to the picture, the long range of Green Mountains resting against the blue of the sky. Turn now and look at the lake. It is 30 miles in length, from one-half to four miles in width, and is 695 feet above the sea. Its whole surface, each bay, point, island and

strip of shore is spread out before us. To the south is Newport and West Derby where the Clyde, Black and Barton river debouches in, and to the north is the town of Magog where the Magog river empties out. To the east is Georgeville, Fitch Bay more to the right, while Stanstead, and Derby, ten miles apart, can be seen on the rise of the hills. Dozens of islands rise up out of the water like Sea Gardens of the South. Those two hightopped mountains off to the south east, with a huge gap between, is where beautiful Willoughby slumbers in the hollow of the hills. Off to the northeast, Massawippi Lake, that Mecca of Eastern Townships summer resorts, and Little Magog Lake, glisten like silver in the sunshine. Mount Elephantis and Orford mountain loom up toward the northwest. What a delightful picture it isall these miles of diversified landscape spread out before us. How, standing on this one high peak, and looking out upon the world and into the immensity of space, one is made to feel better, wiser and more in harmony with himself and God's universe. The old hunter expresses our thoughts when he says:

"Ef those who pick flaws 'ith or grumble
Et what th' Creator hez done;
Who, mockin' at earth an' its beauties,
'Ud fashion a purtier one—
Ef those who doubt th' existence
O' God an' His power t' bless,
'Ud elimb un His hills an' look 'round 'em.

They'ed come down much wiser, I guess."

Golden Rule Lodge.—Before leaving the mountain we must visit the natural masonic lodge room, the only place of its kind in North America. Here, in a deep depression in the mountain top, guarded on all sides with high cliffs, the center consisting of a floor-like bottom the size of a large room, and a single narrow entrance leading down into it, is where Golden Rule Lodge of Stanstead, Quebec, under a charter permitting meetings, have met once a season, with lew exceptious, and initiated candidates for over forty years. The stone altars are in their usual places,



Walcott

Crest of Owl's Head.



Golden Rule Lodge, Top of Owl's Head.

C. A. Harris



Biddell.

Through the Birches.

and on the face of the cliff is inscribed "Golden Rule Lodge" with the square and compass above.

Trojan Park and Beyond.—Descending the mountain trail we once more board the "Yioco," hug the west shore, pass coves and clifts, unique cottages perched among the rocks, and witness scenery that is extremely interesting. Here is Pawnee Rock, with water so deep in front the largest lake steamer can land passengers upon it. See that cottage on the point of rocks with the winding stairs leading up to it? Dozens of "clift-builders" like that add to the lustre of the shores, and there is room for many more. We now pass Perkin's Wharf, or what is more universally known as Trojan Park. In this sequestered nook the residents of North

Troy and vicinity rest from weary care and forget the troubles of the world. Such names as "Brooksted" and "The Birches" greet us as we pass by.

Where the Old Chateau Stood.—Ah! lere is an open field—just an open field, with a single farmhouse on the rise, and the old-time Queen's highway leading down past it. Years ago, within the memory of man, a big chateau—Chateau de Silva, or something like that, occupied the field, with pretty grounds around it, and a large wharf in front. A Can-dian syndicate owned it. It was a lively place in its day, with plenty of patronage, and from a generation now nearly passed away. That black spot in the grass is where the old Chateau stood,



Log Jam, Lake Memphremagog.



"Lady of the Lake," at base of Owl's Head.



Cove at Owl's Head, Looking in, Lake Memphremagog.

and that one rotten log projecting from the bank is all that remains of the wharf.

Butterfly Point.—Another mile brings us to a beautiful sandy beach. The projection of land to the right of it, terminating in a cliff, is called Diamond or Butterfly Point. Just what kind of butterflies, we are unable to state; but the location is inviting enough to attract butterflies of various hues. Beyond this point is a succession of baylets so charming as twin our admiration at once. So have they won the admiration of others as the pretty cottages attest. i These points lead us into Austin's or Sargent's Bay, and to Knowlton's Landing, which is as familiarly known as Tuck's.

The Tuck Hotel,-Tuck is an old familiar "landmark" around Sargent's Bay and the beauty of it all is, he still exists. Of him, Harper's Magazine in the early seventies, said this: "Tuck is a very useful member of society. He is hotel-keeper, storekeeper, postmaster, and her Majesty's customs preventitive officer all in one, and his little corner room at the brick hotel is a curiosity sliop. Over the small cupboard door which secures the three bottles comprising the bar is a card with this illustrated rebus, "I am as dry as a fish." The stranger who reads this aloud is at once asked by those present, "Then why don't you treat?" Of course all this refers to the past; but as Knowlton's Landing and surroundings appeared in the seventies, so in general appearances are they seen today.



"A Good Catch," from Lake Memphremagog



Trojan Park.



Looking Lakeward, Perkin's Wharf.

Orchard Farm House,—Orchard Farm House, one mile west of Knowlton's Landing, is as attractive as it is unique. Angus St. Martin, is its proprietor, and during the summer months his place is always filled. And—why not? Milk and cream, fresh butter, fruits, home made bread, fresh eggs, meat and fish, and sparkling spring water running directly into the house. House only 40 feet from the shore, tree-shaded, and a smooth sandy beach in front. Good fishing, boating, bathing, driving, and rates only \$6.00 per week. Think of it!

Sargent's Bay.—But Sargent's Bay must be explored. Scenically it is a most attractive place. For three miles or more it winds in a semi-circle to the west and south, narrows up, and seemingly terminates in a little round pond shut in by grassy marsh



Orchard Farm House.



Island Scene.

and wooded hills. No wind or wave ever enters here to drive the canoest ashore. Here is the home of the bass, pickerel, longe, horn-pouts and perch. Cold water springs are numerous along the shore. A trout stream enters through the marsh. Bolton Sulphur Springs, Bolton Pass, and the Cave, are only three miles away; that is, from Knowlton's Wharf. Mount Elephantis and Owl's Head are now south of us, and Orford Mountain, 4000 feet in hight, is toward the northwest. Returning by the north shore, we pass more retired nooks, mansion-likecottages ensconsed among the trees, and approach Gibraltar, a large promotory of straightfaced rock standing like a huge sentinel to guard the entrance to the bay.



Walcott

Country Scene, back of Knowlton's Landing.



Looking South from Sargent's Bay,



Point Gibraltar

Point Gibraltar,—Point Gibraltar is one of the most prominent as well as interesting features around the lake. It juts out like a huge sentinel guarding the northern entrance to the bay. Notice its shoreless, smooth, and almost precipitous sides, 50 feet or more in height, and crowned with a growth of small, slim, pine trees. Standing on its utmost verge, which as you will notice, is treeless and rock-floored, the tourist can look away over miles of water and diversified shores, or if the mood directs, and the head does not swim, can look straight down into the placid or turbulent waters far beneath his feet. And these are not all the interesting features the point contains. On the north side, half way up, is a lone grave marked by a single nameless stone. It covers the remains of Nicholas Austingle nameless stone.

tin an old-time pioneer who, in his day, owned nearly the whole of the township of Bolton and other lands including Gibraltar Point, but died poor. He passed away in 1800, or thereabouts. and this lone grave is all that is left to show he ever lived. Down in the seventies a Mr. McGinn owned these lands and some distance back of the point erected a large furniture factory and two long streets with dwelling houses on each side. A Mr. Furnace purchased the plant and later sold it to The Building Company of Montreal. The buildings along the two streets were never occupied, and long ago disappeared as did the factory in which the wheels of the numerous machinery never turned. At the time of the mill, and streets, and vacant houses, a Mr. Dufresene started the erection of Gibraltar Hotel on this noted point, a massive structure never finished, and which was later taken down and moved to Montreal. A few rods to the north of the point is where the big wharf stood, and the road leading from it to the hotel, and to the mill, and to those two long streets a mile or more apart, with all of those cottages which were never used, is now marked by a heavy growth of trees. Such are the changes marked by the ravages of time.

Lord's Island and Beyond.—These high wooded shores with now and then a patch of smoothfaced ledge jutting out, extending for a mile or more north of Gibraltar, and as will be seen, tapering down into open fields with patches of green trees



Magor, P. O. from Lake front

Walcott



Magog Lighthouse.

and blue hills beyond furnish interesting retreats for cottages that are sure to come. Lord's Island, with its walled-up southern shore is to the right of us, and situated about midway of the lake as we look across, seems to be the gateway through which we pass to other spheres. First is the Wadleigh Lighthouse close to Bryant's Landing, and then Gravelin Bay, past which is Kemp's Bay, all of which include a few miles of low grassy shores with open country until we reach Green Point Lighthouse with Manilla Monntain in the background. There is, as will be seen, a large, half-circular bay north of Green Point Lighthouse, with flat country surrounding it. At intervals are bits of sandy shore, and strips of low shrubbery, which continue until we reach Caswell Brook, a little beyond which is Cherry River winding down through the valley of the same name, and with headwaters far west of Mount Orford which is no great distance back from the shore. Ballface Mountain, northwest of Mount Orford, and rising out of the shore of Brompton Lake, is only a few miles away.

Magog Wharf,—Magog, as seen from the lake, is not strikingly graphic or immense, and with the exception of the Catholic Church, seems to sink down out of sight. The lowlying



Magog, P. Q., looking west.



Magog Wharf.

Fire Station.

Main Street.

Walcott



Mount Orford from the Lake.

land on which it is situated is the principle cause for this, as well as the fact that it turns its back to the shore front. But appearances are sometimes deceiful. As we pass the lighthouse and approach the long, well-arranged, and up-to-date wharf, and behold the throngs of people watching our approach, and the omnibuses and numerous other vehicles, and the Fletcher & Ross mills close at hand, we perceive we are on the wrong side of the curtain to thoroughly understand the place, so will prepare to land.

Magog.—It is little more than a century since the foot of the white man first touched Magog's virgin soil. For years it remained nothing more than a little vill at the outlet of the lake, with the old "Mountain Maid" touching at its wharf once or twice in twenty-four hours. When modern enterprise struck the place, resulting

principally through the erection of the Dominion Col ten Textile Co.'s mills and the advent of the Sherbrook section of the Canadian Pacific railroad into the town it leaped into prominence, and increased in population until it now stands as one of the thriving towns of the frontier. To the tourist from the States it is a quain and interesting place as must be Newport to the Cana dian tourist. The inhabitants of the two towns, the mannerisms, and modes of conducting business, are different as is black from white. The distinctiveness these various characteristics are discernible at a glance Indeed, the two places, each situated in its own country and not over three hours of steamer ride apart, wit their varying features, as we have said, should be on of the strongest inducements in the world for strange to visit this highly interesting lake. The opportunit



Magog Falls, Magog, P. Q.

Walcott





Pine Avenue, looking west,

of "Crossing the Line," studying the mannerisms of the people on both sides, their differential ways and modes of conducting business, must furnish food for thought as well as must the marvelous scenic effects along the shores.

Well Located for a Summer Resort.—Many features about Magog make it an ideal spot for a Canadian summer resort. The lake tapers down into a narrow compass at this point, and is so shut in from winds, with the exception of from the south, that the pleasures of boating can always be enjoyed. Cherry River, as a change from the broad surface of the lake, will afford to the cancest a source of delight. The shores, for the greater part, hold forth inducements for club and bath houses, summer cot-

tages, and there is ample room for hotels with shady lawns and parks on all sides. Railroad facilities are first-class, and like Newport, the station of the Sherbrooke section of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is within a stone's throw of the wharf. Magog River flows directly through the center of the town, and its picturesque falls with long well-appointed bridge directly above and within the town itself, will always attract and interest. There are delightful drives, promenades, and pleasant lookouts from summits of interesting hills. Neither should hunting and fishing be forgotten. Wild fowl are found in considerable numbers in their season, while Brompton, Massawippi and Little Magog Lake not many miles away, as well as Memphremagog Lake, and all the surrounding streams furnish fish in great varieties, among which the redspotted square-tailed trout furnishes the rarest sport.

Moin Street.—Main street, after the first turn, runs almost due north, and not until we glance the length of it, and across the side streets, and to the buildings over the river, does the length and breadth of the place begin to unfold. On our right, at the opposite end of the first bridge over the river, with flags floating in the breeze, stands the Battles House, a large and commedious hotel with dozens of rooms facing the lake front. Beyond this hotel, which is situated on Merry street, are tasty dwelling houses and drives that lead around the lake and to surrounding towns. The mercantile business is well represented on both sides of the street, which is maple bordered, as are most of the streets in town, and souve-



Sister Island

nirs of the lake are for sale on nearly every counter. The fire station on our left is an hone to the place. Central Hotel is passed on our right, and alittle further along is the New Magog Hotel on our left. With these two hotels and the Battles House aforementioned the traveler need not suffer for the comforts of life.

The Dominion Cotton Textile Co.—We now come to the Dominion Cotton Textile Co. wills situated at the foot of Magog falls. These mills, constructed of brick principally, and ompying several acres of ground, employ 1300 men, and is the chief source of the prosperity of the town. While the head-quarters of the company is in Montreal, and their principle supplies are shipped from that city, they have been the cause of the main up-building with place, and the patronage of those in their employ means a source

of considerable revenue to the stores as well as to the coffers of the town itself.

Pine Street.—After a survey of the falls from the bridge, we will return by St. Patrick street, more to the west, and from thence to Pine street, which leads up the avenue onto Pine Hill. The Boys School, Episcopal and Methodist churches are passed on this route, and here on the avenue is the Girls School, and the beautiful St. Patrick Parish Church, presided over by the Rev. Fr. C. E. Milette. Continuing up this street, past the Advent Camputeeting grounds, and along through long avenues of trees which border the highway on both sides, we soon find outselves on the crest of Pine Hill



Whitel end Cove.



Scene near Johnson's or Whitehead Point.



Mr. A. H. Moore, ex-M. P., of Magog. P. Q.

where an excellent view of the country is afforded from all sides. Magog is now spread out before us with all its environs. Its expansiveness is now seen, while the country surrounding it presents a marvelously attractive aspect. Beautiful Meuphremagog, with its sprinkling of islands reaches off into the South until lost in the turn of the hills. Here in the foreground, and a little to the West, is the towering front of Monnt Orlord, standing sentinel over the broad expanse of Cherry Valley, which rests with all its wonderful attractions almost beneath our feet. Throughout it is seen the well laid out farms, cozy hamlets, clustering trees, and the serpentine windings of Cherry River trailing in from the distant hills. More to the west and north

is Ballface Mountain with beauty accentuated by accompanying green hills sloping down toward thenorth east. In this direction is the beautiful Magog Valley, green with luxuriant verdure, and through which flows the wide and attractive river of the same name. On each side, and especially to the east, slope back the undulating hills, one cluster rising above the other, until lost in the cerulean blue of the sky. This panorama of valleys and hills, rivers, ponds and lakes, mountains and remarkable green fields interspersed with innumerable patches of trees and highways, as seen from the crest of Pine Hill, is extremely hard to excel. And in the midst of the delectable scene nestles Magog like a diamond in a setting of pure gold.

Mr. A. H. Moore, ex-M. P.—Our trip to Magog is not complete without reference to Mr. A. H. Moore, ex-M. P., who has done much to give the town the prosperity it is enjoying today. Mr. Moore has served several terms as Mayor of the Township of Magog, and during his selministration the Township was erected into a village and the village into a town. He has all been Chairman of the School Commissioners, Warden of the Country, President of the Agriesh tural Society for the Country of Stanstead, Postmaster of Magog and Superintendent of the Magog Fish Hatchery, and in 1896 was elected to represent the Country of Stanstead in the House of Commons for five years. He was the chief promoter and organizer of the Magog Texili and Print Company, and was one of the promoters in the manufacture of cheese in the Eastern Townships, and was secretary treasurer of the Waterloo & Magog Railway Company. At the present time he is a Commissioner, a Director in the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly My. Company.

oner, a Director in the Stanstead, Shelloria and Challon, Application of the Magog Board of Trade, and President of the Pine Hill Cemetery Company. Notice his pretty residence and grounds as we return to the boat.

The East Shore.—Once more we find ourselves on board the "Yioco," and returning by the east shore. From the wharf to Drummond's Point, a mile or more distant, the country is low, broken, and interspersed with fields, lorests and scattering trees, among which the stately elm stands out quite prominent. Beautiful maple orchards, as will be noticed, frequently read-down to the water's edge. The Sister Islands, three in number, and nestling close together in all their prestine beauty, are now passed as we approach Dunnigant's Bay. Beyond this is Drummond's Point, with a pigm'



from the boat is exquisite enough to tempt an artist to paint.

Lord's Island. —Again Lord's Island, formally known as Ward's, is passed, this time on our right. This island is quite large, more oblong than round, and, as is characteristic with most of the islands in the lake, entirely covered with trees. Owned and protected by parties with no desire to build, is the principle reason why so many of these islands remain in their original state. Neither is it a detriment as nubroken scenery is what the tourist admires.

Bold Rocky Shores.—Passing Lord's Island the main shore becomes converted into one long continuous ledge, from thirty to fifty

An Old Lime Kiln.

of an island in front of it, and within a stone's throw of the shore. For two miles now, or until we reach Oliver Bay, the shores are open, with a series of small rocky points and miniature bays, shaped in graceful foruns. The ledges that comprise these points consists of a formation of slite, one ledge of which was worked some years ago, but long since in disuse. We now reach Oliver Bay on the south side of which is Whitehead or Johnson's Point. Notice, as we pass this point, a little cove which swings around into the shore. This unique cove, with sandy beach, pasture, high rail lence, maple grove and typical farm-house in the background, presents a picture which, as seen



Mudge Cottage, Georgeville, P. O.



Walcott.

Georgeville, P. Q.



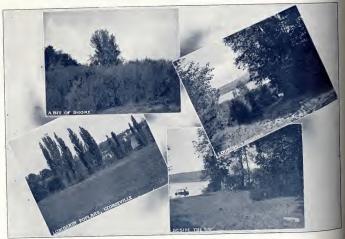
Mount Elephantis from Georgeville, P. O.

feet high, and with smooth-faced almost perpendicular front. Against this front the waves have dashed until, in many instances, little caverns have worn into the solid rock. A thick growth of cedars cover the top and, as will be noticed, with numerous white birches sandwiched in between. Notice how peaks are lacking and that the face of the ledge is nearly smooth. At intervals, where crevasses lead down to spots with bits of shore, fishing shacks, or rustic cottages are discovered sequestered among the trees above. From them winding steps lead down these crevasses to the shore beneath. There are miles of this ledge with absolutely no shore at all. This continuous ledge breaks the monotony of tapering points and rounded bays, and therefore, as a diversion from the usual scenes, furnish to the tourist an additional charm.

Edgewood Camp.—At the end of the continuous line of ledge, we suddenly emerge into the brightness of a camp among the trees. It is the property of John B. Pierce of Roxbury, Mass. Virtually we see a double camp with two frontages and connected by winding paths through groves of well trimmed cedar and white birch. Between the two frontages is a point of ledge. One opening, consisting of a series of ornamental cottages and boathouses, is called Edgewood Camp, and the other with a cottage original in design, plots of flowers and a tennis court in front, is called Pightle Camp. There are many shady sinuous lanes through the labyrinth of trees sur-

lanes through the labyrinth of trees surrounding them. The place is easily recognized by the Bonaventure boathouses at the north opening, and the tennis court at the opening toward the south. Beside the winding path connecting the two camps, is an old stone lime-kiln, a relie of the early pioneers, which, thanks to Mr. Pierce, is being preserved and cherished in its original state.

Birch Boy and Beyond.—We now pass Birch Bay, beyond which, is Bedroom Point. This sequestered nook among the trees is so-called from the fact that it has always been a great camping ground for fishermen. Beyond this point is 'The Hemlocks,' followed by Bullock's Bay. Beyond Bullock's Bay we approach Georgeville, easily distinguished by its fine frontage, superior wharf, and cluster of houses in the background.



Scenes along the shore.



Lake Scene

Georgeville, P. O .- Georgeville, with a proper hotel and judicious advertising would soon become the Mecca of summer resorts. It is magnificently situated to fill every requirement in the recuperative world. Already its salient points have been assailed by those whose flagstaffs and ornamental cottage roofs rise above the tops of the tree-clad hills. But there is room for more. The cold water springs, land that is high and dry, groves of trees and shady walks, nnexcelled farming lands in the near precincts, its broad well laid out highways, are inviting features which eventually unust attract and draw, as honey draws the bee. Already an interest is awakening in this line. The boarding houses of the McGowens are always filled. Boats are plenty and fishing good. The people are accommodating and the tourist can always feel at home. Georgeville is not a large place, but it is one of those places where a summer hotel is greatly needed, and one is sure to come. And then the place, with its many attractive features, will "blossom like the rose."

Sir Hugh Allan's Park,-Leaving Georgeville, with the Mudge cottage on the point, and the John Murry estate on the hill, we glide along some three miles of bold shore, past Jewett Point and Macpherson's Bay. turn the circle of an interesting point, and find ourselves in Allan's Bay. Sir Hugh Allan's Park, adjoining this bay, has become a fixed attraction of Memphremagog Lake. It is as old as the oldest inhabitant. Unlike the other parks along the shore, it is a large maple grove interspersed with butternut trees, while the walks and drives leading up to the large commodions residence on the hill, are broad, clean, and well graveled. This residence, with its wide verandas and terraced hill in front, faces the Molsen's Island and the waters leading around it, instead of the main lake looking west. The grounds are vast, the shore front a little out of repair, and all depicts the care and labor of a generation gone by.



Walcott

View from Molsen's Cottage.



Balance Rock.

The Molsen Cottage.—From the steamer "Lady of the Lake," Molsen's Island resembles a portion of the main land. This is a mistake. It is not until we pass around it do we find a pretty bay shut in behind it, and a narrow channel leading out at the south end. All this is seen as we leave Sir Hugh Allan's wharf and follow the course of the main shore. Approaching the south end of the channel—from which is afforded a charming view—we again look upon the main lake, and at the Molsen cottage high up the hill on our left. This cottage is situated in an ideal spot. In the midst of well-kept cedar hedges, lovely flower gardens, apple orchards and cedar groves, it appeals to the fancy at once. For these artistic and ornamentative points of

beauty the place is unexcelled. Scenically it is most attractive. Here siesta can be found and the most fastidious taste satisfied. The view from the grounds are exquisite pictures of loveliness. Clusters of islands, sparkling waters, and across the lake, at no great distance away, the broad front of Owl's Head silhouetted against the western sky.

Among the Islands—The east shore opposite Owl's Head is intersected with islands, some of which cover quite a wide expanse of the lake. The Molsen or Frenchman's Island, as it was formerly called, is a long, high, wooded hill, which, at the south end, turns east, and at the turn is almost divided by a miniature ravine. This depression is now an open field, isolated, dotted with apple trees, and faces the interior bay.

Long Island.—Long Island is some distance south of Molsen's Island, and is the longest in the lake. Like the other islands it is not without the elements of beauty aud charm. Rocks, ledges, bluffs of covered pine trees, groves of white birch, sandy beaches, numerous points with coves nestling in between—all these are seen as we glide between the island and the main shore. Standing out prominently at the south end of the island, is Balance Rock, with the one lone pine leaning out over it.

Skinner's Island and Cave.—A few rods south of Long Island is the famous Smuggler's or Skinner's Island. These names have also been affixed to the now famous cave which sets back into the high precipitous



Skinner's Cave, Looking In-

ledge at the north end. The name was derived from a man named Skinner, a noted smiggler, who, in the early days made this island his private retreat. The smuggled goods were concealed among the thickly clustered pines with which the island is still covered. At one time, knowing the smuggler to be in his retreat, the place was surrounded by revenue officers, and searched, but without avail. The noted smuggler had mysteriously disappeared. Long after, as the story goes, his remains were found in the interior of the cave, since which time, the large open cavity in the ledge has been known as "Skimer's Cave." It is only approachable by boat.

Minnow Island.—Minnow Island is an interesting little dot of land, rocks, trees and sandy shores sesting between Skinner's Island and the main shore. Correctly speaking, it is an islet of small dimensions, though

large enough to furnish a pleasant summer home. It is owned and occupied by Judge Newell, of Bristol, Conn., from whose tasty cottage a fine view is afforded, not only of the scenery in the immediate vicinity, and off to the south, but of Round Island and hills across the lake.

Where Rest is Found.—As we approach Long Island from the north it will be noticed that the shore suddenly loses its identity by setting back into an almost circular bay with sloping shores and gravelly beach. This bay is centrally divided by a single point of tree-covered rocks. The north shore and tree besprinkled



Skinner's Cave, Looking Out.



Bay View Park.

Walcott

grounds back of it is called "Glenbrook", the beautiful summer residence of the late Alexander Gault of Montreal. The grounds are extremely interesting and most artistically arranged. The south shore of this shut-in baylet, which, at the south end, suddenly leaps into a high bluff of rocks and trees, is called "Winlock," the summer residence of Dr. C. W. Colby, also of Montreal. The residence of Miss Butler is just back of it, half hidden among the white birches on the hill. Here, protected by the sheltering hills of Long Island, the lucid depths of the waters in this cloistered bay are seldom ruffled, and the pleasures of boating in sunshine and shadow can always be enjoyed.

Bay View Park .- From "Glenbrook" and "Winlock" the main shore again lifts into continuous ledge, called Laird's Ledge, with bold sides and tree covered top, and with higher wooded hills in the background. All this suddenly terminates at Bay View Park, which suddenly leaps into prominence as we pass between Skinner's and Minnow Island. Bay View Park is a most delightful spot. Here the lake makes a sudden turn to the east, thereby causing the Park, which is virtually situated on an immense point, to face in two directions. The ground is almost level, is covered with a fine growth of well-trimmed white birch trees, and consists of several acres in extent. Back of it is a high, hollowed-out, basin-shaped mountain, a peculiar feature noticeable with most of the mountains around the lake. This Park is the property of the



Boston and Maine Railway, and years ago was the scene of the rendition of Pinafore and other comic operas, under the supervision of the railway officials. Daily excursions brought thousands of people to witness these operas which were held under a mammoth tent beneath the trees. Why something has not been done to continue the vancement of this charming spot, from which the general outlook of magnificent scenery is almost unsurpassed, we fail to understand. East, south, west and northwest the unaided vision can penetrate, taking in the lovely islands a large expanse of water, and miles of interesting mountains and hills. And the spot simply waits for modern capital to resurrect and make of it an ideal resort.

On To Cathern's Point,-From Bayview Park to the opening of Fitch Bay, a distance of two or more



Entrance to Fitch Bay, looking South.



Walcott

Fitch Bay, looking North.



Scene from Province Island.

Walcott



Tea Table Island, from Province Island

miles, we look straight north upon open farms, farm residences, old-fashioned rail fences, highways, and scattering trees reaching back into wooded hills. The slope of the country is gradually upward with graceful swells, curvatures and lines. A pen picture cannot depict this delectable scene with all of its environs. It must be seen as we see it with the naked eye. Gracefully the shore sets back into the land until, at the entrance to Fitch Bay it projects out and ends in an abrupt point, in front of which is the migit of Gull Island with big Whetstone Island a few feet south of it. Before reaching this rocky projection called Cathern's Point, we pass Lime Kiln Cove, named after the ancient lime kiln situated close to the lake front.

Fitch Bay .- The entrance to Fitch Bay is through a wide channel, between two lines of wooded hills. This channel, which extends due north for some distance, finally turns northeast, narrows into a "sny" and after passing through a stretch of open country, and in under a high, covered highway bridge, soon opens out into an extensive bay with long points of land projecting into it. This peculiar water-way reaching back into the country from the main lake must be over five miles in length. It is a pleasant trip to take in a canoe. Little rock-bound islands grace the west shore, there are coves with over-arching trees which furnish refreshing shade, and heights from which the attractive landscape views will well repay the climb. The few hamlets comprising the vill of Fitch Bay is located at no great distance away from the head of the bay.

Province Island.—The East shore of Fitch Bayruns southerly in almost a straight line for over two miles from its entrance. We follow this shore with Whetstone Island on our right. It is a shoreless shore of high, continuous tree-covered ledge similar in outline to Laird's Ledge. No promontories, or bays, or scarcely an indentation in its sides that could be called a cove. This continues until we reach Magoon's Point when the lake again veers to the east. Out from this point is Province or Zabriskie's Island. This island is a veritable park. It is owned by A. C. Zabriskie, of New York City. Under his supervision it has been transformed from its unkempt ragged luxuriance, prused and trimmed and arranged, until, for order, beatly and attractive features it stands alone and unequalled

around these shores. The island seems to round up into an oval-shaped hill near its center, and on the top of this rise his beautiful residence is placed. From its cupola top can be witnessed a magnificent panorama of all the surrounding hills. On nearly all sides leading down to it, are graveled walks, lanes of trees, beds of flowers, gardens and plots of green grass. Out from its shores we look through lines of graceful trees. The walled-up wharf with tasty boathouses face the east. Out from this shore, at no great distance away, is Teatable Island, correctly named on account of its shape and size. Province Island is neither round or straight; but a formation of laud rising out of the water with all the shapes and characteristics to conform with the rest of the lake.



The "Cedars" and other points.

Cedarville.—From Magoon's Point the shore sets back into a rounded bay with sandy beach. Tall trees surround it with their heavy tops reflecting fine shadow pictures in the waters underneath. With this bay terminates the ragged high-cliffed shores of continuous ledge so conspicious along the east shore. Ahead of us are rocky points, sandy beaches, and a landscape low and undulating with broken forests and open fields. Cedarville, across the bay, now greets us. The unmer derived from the groves of cedar trees that grace the banks. Among these trees clusters of cottages are seen, with unseen shady walks winding through labyrinths of trees. Half of the beauty of this charming spot is not trees. Half of the beauty of this charming spot is not

observed from the boat, and to inspect the different points of interest, the traveler must seek the shore.

The Eastern Boundary Line.—Between Cedarville and Boundary Point the waters swing way back into the land in a kind of half-circle of low and partially wooded shores, and—here we are at the point. Again you did not notice when we "crossed the line." Well! neither do the winds which ruffle the surface of the waters in the two countries alike. Simply place the Canadian flag at the stern, and the American flag at the prow of the boat, now that the line is crossed, and steer for the bay between Boundary and Eagle Point.



Walcott

Boundary Point.



The Boundary Line, East Shore.

Walcott

Where the Iron Monuments are Placed.—Lettered iron monuments designate where the imaginary boundary line is run. We will visit the 'line' and the old astronomical lettered rock a little beyond it. Notice that the path is through a beautiful maple orchard over the hill. True it is these lovely maple woods in full leaf furnish a source of interest in themselves. But we are not inspecting the woods. This boundary line as you will observe extends up through a little ravine, past Black Otter Creek. At this point there are two monuments. No; that old fence does not enter into the case -it happens to be here-probably a division between two farms. The monuments along the line are placed at the crossing of rivers, lakes, and roads. Those which mark deflections are placed, as on the "north line" anglewise with the line; all the others are placed square with it. To mark the position of the instruments used at this particular astronomical station, two monuments

have been placed close together, and they have been placed on the boundary line due south of the instrument, which designates that the instrument, or astronomical station is to the north. This is the "Lake Memphremagog" station. We will now pass to the lettered rock 595 feet due north. The rock, as will be noticed, is an immense oval-topped ledge situated in the edge of the wood near an open pasture.

Following is the inscription cut upon it:-

Capt. Robinson.

Ast. Station
422 feet north.

Meridian

Line.
595 south.

August, 1845.



Walcott

Astronomical Station Rock.

The lettered space on above boulder is just above the round black spot on plate. The lettering is exactly as given in the description on preceding page.



Eagle Point

Walcott

Just beyond this ledge in the open field is a walledup hole showing where the astronomical station once
stood. There, in 1845, lived the officers and soldiers
of the two countries who followed the blazed trail of the
boundary line through the wilderness, and looked after
the placing of the posts. Over the ridge toward the
lake is an old Indian burial ground over-run with a rank
stown to fining and large.

Engle Point.—Eagle Point, which is virtually the second prong of Boundary Point, is long, narrow, covered with a thick growth of pine, and is a favorite resort for those who seek the siesta of the sequestered shore. Namerous summer cottages face their airy frontages toward the bay. Half of the beauty of these is hidden in the shadow of the sheltering trees. With maple groves and open fields in the background, fine fishing in the waters close at hand, good boating in the quiet bays, and rest in the heathful shadow of the pines, no wonder

this charming spot has been chosen as an ideal spot for summer homes.

Where Lovely Islands Rise.—Province Island, with little Tea-table Island close beside it are now behind us. Here, south of Eagle Point, is Black or Baxter's Island, with Belle Island, owned and occupied by Prof. Adams of Yale, a little more to the east. Near these is Gnill Rock, and rightly named, for here in the right season, a number of these beautiful birds are frequently seen. Cove Island is some distance to the east of Belle, and completes the group. With the exception of Black Island, none of them are large, but they are interesting and contribute greatly to the attractions of the lake.

Holbrook's Point and Landing.—Holbrook's Point with Cove Creek opposite, is the home of the steamer "Yioco." This steamer is in great demand



Holbrook's Point, and Steamer "Yioco."



Butterfield Point.

for pienic parties and small excursions around the lake. Holbrook's Point, as will be noticed, is narrow, and yet wide enough for cottages with ample grounds and trees. The country back of it is low, nearly denuded of trees, is divided into farms, while the dwelling houses and highway extend to the water's edge. The Point south of the creek is cedar-clad with quiet homes half hidden in the shadow of the trees. To describe each seperately would be a repetition unlikely to please, and all must be seen to be tuioved.

Lake Park.—Lake Park is opposite the bay with the walled-up] shore. It is easily recognized by the one leaving pine on the point. Here is the elegant summer home of Gen. F. G. Butterfield, of Derby Line, Vt. Were you to

step into the General's well-furnished club house sequestered among the trees, you would see, included with the many other adornments, the old war flag in the corner which money could not buy. At Lake Park in August 1903, was held the successful Memphremagog Canoe Club Regatta. At that time the shores from the park to Mago m's Point were festooned, flagged and bedecked in one grand seenic display of grandeur and beauty. The grand success of that regatta should warrant the holding of others in the near future. Lake Park is an ideal spot for such gatherings, and the General is an enthusiast over the sport. The park contains many pretty cottages whose occupants, during the summer months, seek the healthfulness and comforts derived from this charming spot.



"The Surf" Brooks Point.



Walcott

Knowlton Bluff, showing Horseneck Island.



"The Bluffs," Indian Point.

Walcott



West Derby from the Lake.

Along the Bluffs .- Beyond Lake Park we turn to the south. The great round bay with low shores on our left, and into which flows John's brook, is too shallow for an ordinary steamer to navigate. We must glance at the restful abode of the genial Sheriff Miles as we pass along. It is isolated among a clump of trees on an intervale between two sandy bluffs. Following Brooks' Point and Miles' Camp is Lindsay's Beach. These are the sandy shores of the lake and they continue until the Newport landing is reached. Knowlton's Bluffs, close to Horseneck Island, like Ball's Bluffs a little more to the south, supports abrupt frontages of sand 30 feet or more in height, but with tops spread out into uneven levels that, in many instances, are as smooth as a parlor carpet. These frontages, or top levels are covered with a heavy growth of pine; but intermixed with them are graceful clumps of white birch, while in the background are beautiful maple groves. Driveways, maple-bordered, lead down to the Bluffs from the main highway. At

Knowlton's Bluffs is the summer home of Hon. C. A. Prouty and other Newport residents. Ball's Bluffs is thickly settled with the residents of the town, some of the cottages being pretty in construction and elegantly furnished. But little of them, however, can be seen from the steamer's deck. The waving of flags, colored hammocks, steps down the steep incline, and flitting forms among the trees, reveals the presence of those who are hieing away from the humdrum of busy life.

Bock to Memphremagog Wharf,-Leaving the Bluffs with Indian and Pendar's point behind us, we steer for the steamer's wharf. Notice as we cross the bay the village of West Derby on the rise of land toward the east. Its general beauty is not seen from the lake. It must be visited to enjoy its broad, maple-bordered highways, level streets, beautiful gardens and fine residences, as well as the elegant view afforded of the lake and surrounding hills. Indeed, speaking of elegant views, you



"Lady of the Lake" approaching Newport Wharf.

should visit Shattuck or Minturn Hill, at no great distance away, or even the Cunningham Hill just over the long bridge. A sunset view from these points would well repay the climb. On the north shore of this bay, west of the Memphremagog Park Fair Grounds, and reaching to Judian Point, is an almost level field simply broken by a creek and two small runways reaching down through them. These fields, with two exceptions, slope gently down to the water's edge. The beach is of sand, continuing for some distance out. The right men, with capital and enterprise, and a correct knowledge of the fitness of things might—Well! if there ever was money in summer hotels, boarding houses, bath and club

houses properly fitted up and conducted, then Pendar's farm should be looked over for the interest of the lake.

Farewell.—And now, friends and tourists, we have made the circuit of the lake, and must part to mingle in the turmoil of the great world. We trust you have enjoyed the trip. If so, speak of it to your neighbors. Tell them about Memphremagog Lake, its lovely islands, interesting coves and bays, the picturesqueness of the surrounding hills, and of those things that have impressed you the most. With these parting remarks we bid you farewell, and trust in the near future to see you again.



MAGOG, QUE.

Distances to Places of Interest.

Georgeville,	10 miles	Cherry River,	5 miles
Fitch Bay,	10 miles	Brompton Lake,	10 miles
Rock Island,	21 miles	Bryant's Wharf,	10 miles
Newport, Vt.,	30 miles	Bolton Springs,	19 miles
Massawippi Lake,	13 miles	Knowlton's Landing,	17 miles
Sherbrooke,	19 miles	Perkin's Landing,	22 miles

Owl's Head, 18 miles

Orford Mountain Railway Station close to boat landing. Three hotels in town. Teams to wharf and station on arrival of all trains and boats. Plenty of boats, livery teams, and good accommodations at the hotels.









Memphremagog House.

On Lake Memphremagog.

NEWPORT . VERMONT

Fine Lake and Mountain Scenery. Table board unexcelled.

Good boating and fishing.

Rates \$2.00 per day and up.

Geo. F. Goode, Manager

THE RAYMOND,

D. W. SISCO & CO., PROPRIS.

NEWPORT, - VERMONT.

SITUATED NEAR C.P. R. AND B. & M. STATION, AND STEAMBOAT LANGING.

EVERYTHING NEW. STEAM HEAT. ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

HOT AND COLD WATER IN EVERY ROOM.
ROOMS WITH BATH.
LIVERY AND. FEED STABLE IN CONNECTION.

82.00 PER DAY AND UPWARD.

The Newport House,

Newly Furnished, Steam Heated, Electric Lights and Bells.

Situated near the Union Station and Steamboat Landing.

\$2.00 per day and upward.

Newport, Verment. F. E. HAPGOOD, Proprietor.

CENTRAL HOUSE

S. G. SCOTT, Proprietor,

A first-class boarding house with modern conveniences.

Prices Reasonable

Central Street

NEWPORT, VERMONT.

Memphremagog Boat and Supply Co.

Near Raymond Hotel, NEWPORT, VERMONT.



Gasolene Launch "ISLAND QUEEN" among the islands.

Launches, Row Boats and Canoes to rent and for sale. Boat and Gas Engine supplies for sale. One and Paddles made to order.

C. R. MOORE, Manager.

CENTRAL HOUSE, Pleasantly Situated on Main Street

MAGOG, QUE.
Good rooms and good board. Teams meet all trains and the boat at the wharf.

Rates \$1.50 per day. Meggs & Garcau Prop'rs.

NEW MAGOG HOTEL MAGOG, QUE.

House newly modeled throughout. Good livery. Teams meet all trains and boat. Rates \$1.00 per day.

----LABOUNTY, PROPRIETOR

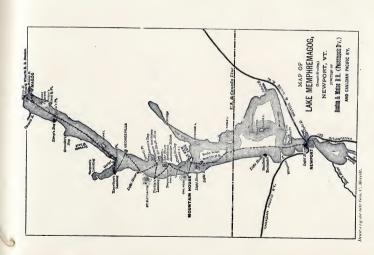
BATTLES HOUSE.

J. E. TAYLOR, Proprietor, MAGOG, QUE.

Cuisine first-class. House pleasantly situated at foot of Lake Memphremagog.

Grocery, Feed and Sales Stable.
First-Class Rubber Tire Rigs at all hours.

Rates from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.



NEWPORT.

Distances to Places of Interest.

Prospect Hill,	10 minutes walk	Stone Flume, Barton, Vt.,	16 miles
Pine Hill,	10 minutes walk	Crystal Lake, Barton, Vt.,	15 miles
Morrill Hill,	40 minutes walk	Knowlton's Landing, Memphremagog Lake,	16 miles
Black River,	1 mile	Owl's Head, (2500 feet in height.)	12 miles
Clyde River Falls,	2 miles	Georgeville, Que,	16 miles
Indian Point,	1½ miles	Sargent's Bay,	18 miles
Bear Mountain,	7 miles	Willoughby Lake, Westmore, Vt.,	18 miles
Jay Peak, (4018 ft. in height.)	15 miles	Troy Falls, Troy, Vt.,	16 miles
Echo Pond, Charleston, Vt.,	16 miles	Stanstead Plain, Que.,	12 miles
Seymour Lake, Morgan, Vt.,	16 miles	Derby Pond, Vt.,	4 miles
D 6 M-1 1 C 1	Th. 144 Th. 15 Ct. 1		

Boston & Maine and Canadian Pacific Railway Station and Memphremagog Boat Landing in same square. Good liveries in town. Three large hotels and good accommodations. Boarling houses and restaurants. New boats and launches at reasonable terms.

KNOWLTON'S LANDING, QUE.

Distances to Places of Interest.

Bolton Sulphur Springs, (now called P	otton Sulphur	Bolton Center,	5 miles
Springs.)	3 miles	South Bolton,	5 miles
Bolton Pass and Cave,	3 miles	East Bolton,	5 miles
Georgeville, across the lake,	2 miles		

Close to Mount Elephantis, Owl's Head and Orford Mountain. Steamer lands at wharf daily. Good boating and fishing.

GEORGEVILLE, QUE.

Distances to Places of Interest

	Distances to Pla	ices of Interest.	
Magog, Que.,	10 miles	Knowlton's Landing, across the lake.	2 miles
Newport, Vt.,	20 miles	Owl's Head,	2 miles
Fitch Bay.		Skinnon's Come	2 miles

Boat four times daily, except Mondays. Good boating and fishing, and many points of interest close at hand. Good boarding houses.



VIEW OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG FROM NEAR SHATTUCE'S HILL, LOOKING WEST.

VI